Bibliography-1930

Lincoln's Road to the Capitol Traced in the Cartoon

Albert Shaw's Collection Makes a Most Effective Review of Pre-Civil War Political Issues

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. His Path to the Presidency, 263 pp. The Year of His Election. 277 pp. By Albert Shaw. New York: Review of Reviews Corporation. $8.

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

ON the jacket this is entitled "A Cartoon History," which is what it is. There is at least one cartoon on every page, most of them rare and unknown and often derived from the most remote sources. The idea is so novel that this review will be devoted entirely to the cartoon motif and will dismiss the text with the statement that it is a careful, impartial and well-written history. It centres around Lincoln, but is only incidentally a biography of him; it is a history of the times, beginning back in the days of Jackson and Van Buren. It even makes excursions into European politics, so far as they help to explain what happened in America, with cartoons to illustrate the excursions. These are the first two volumes in the work, and carry Lincoln only up to his first inauguration.

Two things strike the reader as he inevitably compares these cartoons with the cartooning of today. One is that we cannot affect a superior attitude and regard the work of the old caricaturists as merely "quaint" or "curious." There is the same punch in it that we find today. Another, and this is a qualification of the first, is that for a long time there were certain peculiarities about their work which made it cumbersome, but which were discarded as the Civil War approached and snappier and quicker stuff was demanded. But this cumbersomeness is hardly a matter for adverse criticism; for it proceeded from the excessive care and the leisurely study with which a cartoonist went about his work.

In the days preceding 1860 it is evident that the enjoyment of cartoon was a thing requiring time, and the cartoonist obliged his customers by making his picture cover a large variety of subjects instead of being concentrated on one, as in 1860 and today. Around the main idea clustered as many sub-ideas as the cartoonist could possibly get in. The difference between a cartoon of Jackson's time and one of Buchanan's—or Hoover's, for that matter—was the difference between chess and poker. You had to study a cartoon in the Tippecanoe campaign, for instance, if you wanted to get the full fruits; now, and in the days immediately preceding secession, the whole effect of it strikes you the moment you open your paper, and there is nothing more to tell.

This collection of cartoons is so complete that it is easy to trace the change and how it began. The most potent influence in the transformation was Vanity Fair, a paper made up like Punch, which was first issued in 1859, of which the main cartoonist was Henry Louis Stephens, a brilliant man, whose work is no more "old-fashioned" today than it was when he brought it out. He led the way, but the time was ripe for change. In 1860 Frank Bellew, who was to be famous for twenty years, came over from England and began drawing pointed one-idea cartoons, and unnamed artists in plenty followed in Stephens's steps. But Stephens remained the great cartoonist of America until Thomas Nast began drawing his powerful pictorial broadsides for Harper's Weekly, the first of which appeared in 1861. The long elaborations were English imitations, but an imitation not of the prevailing English style, which, influenced by Punch, was short and crisp. They followed, rather, the style of Gillray, Rowlandson and the caricaturists of the Napoleonic Wars. To give an idea of what is meant by elaboration, a cartoon of the campaign of 1852 will serve. The Democrats had nominated Pierce and the Whigs were in a deadlock; it took fifty-three ballots to nominate Scott. The cartoonist wanted to get everything in, and this is how he did it. In the background is Pierce on a fleet horse, galloping unopposed to the White House and waving derisively at the warring Whigs. Inty lies in the fact that at the moallment of Van Buren's death all the of the picture. But Scott was be-characters are engaging in long ing hampered by Southern opposi-speeches in balloon shape; and the tion, so the cartoonist depicted him riding on the shoulders of Horace Greeley while a Southern voter tugged at his arm and demanded to know where he stood on slavery. Scott was giving him equivocal promises. Incidentally, Scott was eating his famous "hasty plate of soup," but the interruption of the Southerner was spilling it out of the plate down Greeley's neck and Horace was protesting. Off to the right is another candidate, Daniel Webster, mounted on the shoulders of Webb, editor of The New York Courier and Enquirer, and eating chowder, his favorite dish. To the left is President Fillmore, on the shoulders of the editor of The New York Mirror, eating government pap and expressing his disappointment that he does not seem likely to eat any more for four years. Webster is telling Fillmore of the handicap he suffers in not having any pap (patronage) to get votes with himself. If it was possible to get any more ideas in one cartoon the cartoonist would have got them in; but as a matter of fact he exhausted the whole situation as it then was.

In this matter of elaboration, requiring thorough study by the reader, a necessary concomitant was the issuance from the mouths of the characters of speeches in balloon shape, some of them very long. To what extreme lengths this was carried may be seen from a cartoon of 1836 showing Henry Clay and Van Buren in a duel. Clay has run Van Buren through with a sword marked "Tariff." Van Buren was the Democratic candidate, but the Whig candidate was General Harrison. Clay, however, so far overshadowed the voiceless Tippecanoe that Harrison is represented as a mere onlooker. Behind Van Buren stands his backer, Andrew Jackson, dismayed to see that Clay's sword has gone through Van Buren and come out at his back.

It is a strong, vigorous cartoon, brilliantly executed and worthy of any artist of today. The incongruity reaches absurdity when Van Buren himself, as Clay's sword dispatches him, makes as long a speech as anybody else.

The pre-war cartoons, though usually not bitter, were always satirical rather than humorous. The only really vindictive cartoon in the two volumes is one of 1852, representing Pierce as a drunkard leaning against a tree and helplessly waving a whisky bottle. It is a fact that Pierce's fault was drink, so much so that his wife was in despair when she learned he had been nominated for President, knowing he could not withstand the temptations of that position. As for pure humor, the first glimmerings of it concern John Brown's raid. The fact that he went to Harper's Ferry to start a slave insurrection and that the slaves paid no attention to him aroused the risibles of the cartoonists, and that anti-climax was comically depicted. One of the pictures, for example, shows a happy negro carrying off one of the pikes Brown brought down to distribute and saying joyfully, "Much obliged to Possum Wattomie for dese pikes he gin us—dey's turribly handy to dig taters wid." It is entitled "Effect of John Brown's raid."

Even in 1860 hidebound cartoonists occasionally followed the old fashion of elaboration, but the approach of disunion and war had caused most to discard it for quick, telling hits, and the balloons had generally died out. This was especially the case after Lincoln's election, when Buchanan's indecision over what to do with the South was the favorite target. One cartoon showed him wandering helplessly around and asking a small boy, "Is it north or south I'm going?" But the strongest and most biting was a cartoon in Vanity Fair. It was nothing but a medal, with the caption, "This medal is presented by Vanity Fair to James Buchanan, President of the United States, as a testimonial of respect for his MANLY and PATRIOTIC stand in defense of the rights of the Union." The sting lay in the fact that the medal contained nothing but an alto-relief of Andrew Jackson, who nearly thirty years before had summarily crushed South Carolina's threat of secession and prepared to hang the ringleaders.

The cartoons were not only livelier and snappier, but they now reflected real current history instead of carping at the political leaders. In 1860, for instance, Lincoln is pictured as carrying on one of his celebrated rails two fighting possums, Douglas and Breckinridge, who are trying to tear each other's fur out. He has them securely, their tails caught in a cleft in the rail; and underneath is the caption:

The deed is done, their day is o'er;
Two possums fought at Baltimore;
Now let them scratch, now let them wail,
Old Abr'm has them "in a rail."

Which depicts exactly what happened.

General Scott, commanding the army, recommended to Buchanan a course of action to be followed in case the South seceded after Lincoln's election. One of the most historically pat cartoons of that time appeared in Vanity Fair. Stephens inaugurated the fashion of using scenes from Shakespeare, which Nast adopted and always followed, and which was in turn followed by Puck and Judge up to 1886. But in this case he departed from Shakespeare and used a scene from "Richelieu," showing Scott stern and commanding, as Richelieu, and the dubious Buchanan as King Louis. The tremendously effective lines which Stephens quoted were:

Richelieu—Remember my grand maxims! First employ all methods to conciliate.

Louis—Failing these?

Richelieu—All means to crush!

Even when the war was at hand the inveterate cartoonists pursued Buchanan. Harper's Weekly depicted him as an old woman standing in a ruined home, with the pot falling off the fire, and his conscience (represented as a black cat) howling beneath the empty table. Above were the shadows of "War," "Desolation" and "Ruin," with a shadowy Fort Sumter begging vainly for help and weeping widows and orphans in the offing. It was captioned "Old Mother Buchanan

n Despair," and he was saying pitifully, "Oh, 'twasn't me, 'twas Floyd and them others done it." Floyd had been his Secretary of War and had sent arms and munitions to the secessionists before resigning.

Nast's first political cartoon appeared not in Harper's Weekly but in the Illustrated News and was based on Lincoln's inaugural address. It was a strictly accurate representation of the situation. It was in two parts, the first captioned "This is the way the North received it." It showed Lincoln against a background of peace holding out an olive branch and supporting North and South in evenly balanced scales. The other was captioned "This is the way the South received it." It showed Lincoln as Mars, with a screaming eagle perched on his helmet, against a background of war. His sword was red with the blood of the South, which lay prostrate under his feet.

A sketch in eight episodes portraying the **Achievements af Negro Women** in a form suitable for simple presentation by groups of almost any size has recently been prepared by Miss Geneva W. Blake, social worker and teacher at Cheney Training School. The purpose of this sketch, to quote from the Foreword, is "to encourage a deeper interest in Negro Women and what they are doing, also to develop the latent artistic powers of the groups giving the pageant by having them interpret in their own way the work of these outstanding women." The characters outlined are chosen from various fields and times,—Phillis Wheatley, the poet of George Washington's day, down to Mary Bethune, the educator, and Marion Anderson, the famous contralto. Material for reference is suggested.

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White and Black in Africa. A Critical Examination of the Rhodes Lectures of General Smuts. J. H. Oldham. 74 pp. 75 cents. Longmans, Green and Co. New York.

I guess Harry that's through him like a Streak of lightening through a gooseberry bush!
I have a good mind to help in this affair!
Dont yet say a word perhaps they will join eachother!
Take that through your borrowed covering and digest it as you can!
I am off!
I am much obliged to you but I have already made my own arrangements!
Oh! oh! Matty by the Eternal, there is an appearance of Tariff on this side!
RD

This Cartoon of the Campaign of 1836 Shows Henry Clay Piercing Martin Van Buren, the Democratic Nominee, With a Sword Labeled "Tariff." Clay, Though the Most Promising Whig, Was Not the Nominee of His Party That Year. The Choice Had Fallen to General William Henry Harrison, Who Stands at the Left. At the Extreme Right Is Andrew Jackson, Then President, Encouraging His Protégé, Martin Van Buren.

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West Africa

Kirk's first experience of Africa was the stop at Freetown in March, 1858, when the expedition recruited 12 Krumen, but his stay was too short for him to gain any useful impression of the ancient Colony. The party arrived in the mouth of the Zambesi in the following June, and commenced the arduous journey that was to result in the discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, and in the abortive effort of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa to found a station on the Shire River. The story is by no means a happy one, for apart from the death of Mrs. Livingstone, of Bishop Mackenzie, and of one of the ladies who came out to the mission, the most successful efforts of the expedition were spoiled for the leaders by the fact that they led directly to the extension of the slave-trade, which followed the party like a pestilence. It is small wonder, therefore, that both Livingstone and Kirk spoke harshly of the Portuguese and their methods, or that both were glad to attempt the discovery of a new route to Nyassa up the Rovuma, and outside Portuguese jurisdiction.

8-9-30

This was a hopeless project, for even in its lower reaches, the river was most unpromising, and it was here that Livingstone first showed an obsession that seemed more than the fearlessness of a great explorer, for he continued to push forward even after Kirk's tenacious courage had recognised the hopeless nature of their journey. Their failure, and the subsequent withdrawal of the mission, were intensely disappointing to them, and the letters recalling the expedition in 1864 reached them when their physical powers were well-nigh exhausted,—indeed, Kirk was at the coast on his way home. The event was all for the best, however, for it set Livingstone free subsequently to follow a path in which his special gifts were exercised in full almost to the moment of his death, while for Kirk there came an opening in Zanzibar which led to 20 years of usefulness in that former centre of slavery.

Vol. XIV No. 706

Depressing though the story be when related without reference to its tardy results, the policy of Livingstone and Kirk has since been fully justified, and legitimate commerce, plus an element of persuasion at sea, has indeed killed the slave trade although, as we all know, the demands of tropical plantations for labour still tend to methods that are little farther removed from slavery than the "free labour emigration system" of Kirk's days. Livingstone had no more expectation of founding a true European Colony in Tropical Africa than is disclosed by, say, the Hilton Young Commission of our own day, for he had no illusions regarding the labour question, and the present book shows him to be a staunch upholder of the authority and prestige of African rulers, while even on the subject of medicine men he is found instructing Kirk that these are generally the most observing of Africans, and should be co-operated with as far as possible, while in no case should their treatment of patients be made the subject of unnecessary comment. Such sentiments lose none of their weight under Professor Coupland's treatment, and his own vigorous language when discussing the question of "stagnation" shows him to be a firm believer in the capacity for progress of the people

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Prof. Westermann deals fully with the tones—three simple and two compound—that occur in the language, and in the grammatical sections tonal accents are freely inserted, with an effect, however, that with the new script, is somewhat terrifying to the beginner, for in addition to the ordinary phonetic symbols for open E and O, and the *tilde* to mark nasalization, five special consonants have been used, as well as several double consonants. The introduction of some of these symbols seems a little pedantic, for, as the grammar itself shows, many of the sounds fixed upon paper with such meticulous care vary widely with different speakers, and the consonantal interchanges that are so common in West Africa seem even more frequent than usual throughout the Ewe-speaking area.

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London Gazette Vol. XIV No. 706

The grammar section contains a full study of the language, and particularly of the complicated modes by which compound words are built up from the usual monosyllabic roots. This is, perhaps, the most important part of the book, for combinations have such an important place in Ewe that familiarity with the system of word-building is almost synonymous with familiarity with the language.

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The value of folk-tales, both to ethnology and to an ordinary understanding of the people is so completely accepted nowadays that there is no need here to stress the importance of the collection of Ashanti stories just published by Capt. Rattray. The author, who has little faith in the scientific value of the mass-collection of Anglicized stories through educated Africans, heard most of the present tales recounted in the traditional fashion, after dark, when the ordinary standards of reverence and respect are by custom released, but in spite of his somewhat apologetic explanation of the presence of a coarse sentence or two, the stories contain little (nothing, by the standards of some of our own post-War fiction) to lessen the Ashantis' reputation as a decorous people.

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From the absence of notes on the stories, it is evident that Capt. Rattray feels that he has covered the subject fairly fully in his other great books on Ashanti, and to those unable to obtain these, therefore, his prefatorial remarks are of considerable importance. Some of his readers, and particularly those who collect stories by the methods he condemns, will feel that in editing the tales to produce some uniformity of dialect, Capt. Rattray himself may conceivably have missed some important details of idiom, but the removal of many a linguistic stumbling-block to students must be held to compensate for any such possibility, and in any case the printing of a semi-literal translation, side by side with the original, will enable those less learned in the vernacular to check the stories for themselves against any local versions that they may hear.

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In regard to the possible origin of the tales, Capt. Rattray is still of opinion that their resemblance to tales elsewhere is not the result of the common mental brotherhood of man, but of their common origin, and that changes of form, while recording changes in their environment, are of no more significance than the differences between the "Nancy stories," of Sierra Leone, the Brer Rabbit series of America, and those of their Ananse originals in Africa The problem is an interesting one, but since it can be widened to include most cultural manifestations of human activity, its satisfactory discussion would demand consideration of the whole subject of human evolution and distribution.

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In the present instance, there are among the 75 stories reproduced by Capt. Rattray, a number that are built up on the same general principle, but one would hesitate to say that each had direct connection with the others, any more than every story of a castaway owes its inception to Alexander Selkirk's account of his adventures. Take, for instance, the manner in which Ananse, the spider, by constant repetition of a simple trick, obtains a town full of people for a single grain of corn, and compare it with the story in which his repeated acts of kindness obtain for him an elephant in place of a section of a lime. All that the tales have in common is the mental process that, if the teller were fond of such tests of tongue and memory, might also have given us cumulative stories of the "House that Jack built" type, and it is as difficult to believe that any one evolved them as that the idea had originated in any single brain among that group. Further, Capt. Rattray himself shows that stories are often told in the exercise of that potent weapon ridicule, and these would almost certainly be original in detail, although the limitations of ordinary human inventiveness would lead to the re-birth of a hackneyed plot, just as among novelists of our own time.

The English translations of the stories, since they keep as closely to African idiom as possible, are unavoidably obscure in places, although the interpretation of points omitted by the tellers is a great help to the reader, and makes up to some extent for the lack of annotation.

In regard to its illustrations, the book must be regarded as making history, for it is the first of any size yet published in connection with West Africa to be illustrated entirely by Africans. The artists were a group of students specially selected at Achimota by Mr. G. A. Stevens, and these, under advice, chose the points to be illustrated, and have turned out a number of remarkably vigorous sketches, in spite of their lack of experience of drawing for reproduction in line. The illustrations are thus thoroughly in keeping with the book, and, in one respect, too much so, for, like the stories, they are entirely anonymous. This anonymity has been carried too far, for although the whole book, stories and illustrations become a communal African work, the anonymity of the pictures would not have been destroyed by the honourable mention, in a foreword, of the names of the twelve young artists who have achieved such distinction.

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From the absence of notes on the stories, it is evident that Capt. Rattray feels that he has covered the subject fairly fully in his other great books on Ashanti, and to those unable to obtain these, therefore, his prefatorial remarks are of considerable importance. Some of his readers, and particularly those who collect stories by the methods he condemns, will feel that in editing the tales to produce some uniformity of dialect, Capt. Rattray himself may conceivably have missed some important details of idiom, but the removal of many a linguistic stumbling-block to students must be held to compensate for any such possibility, and in any case the printing of a semi-literal translation, side by side with the original, will enable those less learned in the vernacular to check the stories for themselves against any local versions that they may hear.

In regard to the possible origin of the tales, Capt. Rattray is still of opinion that their resemblance to tales elsewhere is not the result of the common mental brotherhood of man, but of their common origin, and that changes of form, while recording changes in their environment, are of no more significance than the differences between the "Nancy stories," of Sierra Leone, the Brer Rabbit series of America, and those of their Ananse originals in Africa The problem is an interesting one, but since it can be widened to include most cultural manifestations of human activity, its satisfactory discussion would demand consideration of the whole subject of human evolution and distribution.

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In the present instance, there are among the stories reproduced by Capt. Rattray, a number that are built up on the same general principle, but one would hesitate to say that each had direct connection with the others, any more than every story of a castaway owes its inception to Alexander Selkirk's account of his adventures. Take, for instance, the manner in which Ananse, the spider, by constant repetition of a simple trick, obtains a town full of people for a single grain of corn, and compare it with the story in which his repeated acts of kindness obtain for him an elephant in place of a section of a lime. All that the tales have in common is the mental process that, if the teller were fond of such tests of tongue and memory, might also have given us cumulative stories of the "House that Jack built" type, and it is as difficult to believe that any one evolved them as that the idea had originated in any single brain among that group. Further, Capt. Rattray himself shows that stories are often told in the exercise of that potent weapon ridicule, and these would almost certainly be original in detail, although the limitations of ordinary human inventiveness would lead to the re-birth of a hackneyed plot, just as among novelists of our own time.

The English translations of the stories, since they keep as closely to African idiom as possible, are unavoidably obscure in places, although the interpretation of points omitted by the tellers is a great help to the reader, and makes up to some extent for the lack of annotation.

In regard to its illustrations, the book must be regarded as making history, for it is the first of any size yet published in connection with West Africa to be illustrated entirely by Africans. The artists were a group of students specially selected at Achimota by Mr. G. A. Stevens, and these, under advice, chose the points to be illustrated, and have turned out a number of remarkably vigorous sketches, in spite of their lack of experience of drawing for reproduction in line. The illustrations are thus thoroughly in keeping with the book, and, in one respect, too much so, for, like the stories, they are entirely anonymous. This anonymity has been carried too far, for although the whole book, stories and illustrations become a communal African work, the anonymity of the pictures would not have been destroyed by the honourable mention, in a foreword, of the names of the twelve young artists who have achieved such distinction.

BOOK ON RACE PREJUDICE RIDICULES WHITE PEOPLE WHO ARE COLOR BLIND

READ "BLIND SPOTS" AND DISCUSS IT WITH YOUR WHITE FRIENDS

By C. LESLIE FRAZIER

Many books are similar to Flora Warren Seymour's (editor of the Step Ladder, monthly organ of the Order of Bookfellows) statement relative to a class of critics who are "persons who really had nothing to say and who took a great many words to say it in."

Not so of Henry Smith Leiper (white) in his "Blind Spots," a book of 143 pages dealing with race prejudice. He has a big message to deliver, he delivers it well—but could have made it longer, it is so full of food for thought.

Mr. Leiper's title page carries these words: "Blind Spots, Experiments in the Self-Cure of Race Prejudice." It is a book by a white man for white people. The author seems sincere in his arguments, they are all logical. A Negro can appreciate all that is written even if he finds himself wondering whether the author hasn't a taint of prejudice himself, because of the way he treats the subject of inter-racial marriage. His stand is bold—very, very bold, at that.

Quotes Lincoln

He adroitly asserts, relative to color-blindness, "But nearly two-thirds of the members of the human family, as a matter of fact are non-white. As Abraham Lincoln said about the common people—'God must have loved them, He made so many of them,' so we must say about the non-white peoples of the earth."

The book has a good deal to say of Roland Hayes and Henry Owassa Tanner, which would make interesting and surprising reading to the average white person. The writer deplores the use of the words Jap, Wop, Nigger, Chink.

He takes a slap at the attitude of narrow-minded Christians when he writes, "Recently I saw a letter from a good lady in Africa who stated that the sending of colored Americans as missionaries to Africa under her mission board made difficulty. 'We have to receive them as our colleagues at our homes. If we do that, it makes it awkward not to receive our African people, too, and of course we can't do that.'"

He tells many stories of man's inconsistency to man—but best of all he gives simple suggestions of how every form of prejudice can be overcome. Further, he causes one to realize (if one is a Negro) that even we are guilty of prejudice within and without the race. We must admit that we are prejudiced to color within the race, and prejudiced against certain races of people. It is suggested that Negroes who have personal friends of the white race mention to them that they read the book. Of course you should read it too.

The book is published by the Friendship Press, New York City. Its call number at the Public Library of the District of Columbia is H L5372.

The Author

Mr. Leiper's boyhood was spent in Oklahoma. His education was secured at Marysville College, Tennessee.; Blair Academy, Blairstown, N.J.; Amherst College, Columbia University, and Union Theological Seminary, New York.

"Blind Spots" is ideal literature, and better still, literature with an ideal. Hence I entreat you once more, read it yourself, and make a present of a copy of it to at least one whitie friend or acquaintance. C. Alphonso Smith in "What Can Literature Do For Me?" says "Painting, sculpture, and music are also outlets of the ideal within us. But not one of them equals literature in the clearness with which it speaks or in the numbers whom it has helped to the higher life."

In "Now I Am Civilized" (Wetzel Pub. Co., Los Angeles $2), Eugene Henry Huffman, a young Negro writer of the City of Angels and Real Estate Promoters, has written a book that will greatly please the white folks and considerably rile the Sons and Daughters of the much-maligned Ham. It is a satire advertised as a brilliant one, but not as brilliant as advertised. Nevertheless the ills and foibles and shortcomings of white and black folk are held up with more or less effectiveness to the mirror of ridicule. It is a book supposedly written by a semi-illiterate Negro cook about his experience in Negro and Caucasian society. Unfortunately, here is another case of a theme being inadequately treated but after all, it is a first novel and perhaps as Mr. Huffman gains in technique, vision and knowledge he'll turn out better work.

"Negro Membership in American Labor Unions," by Ira De A Reid (National Urban League, N. Y. City), is the first adequate study of its kind, and it is far from being an encouraging one. Indeed, certain parts of the picture presented are well night disheartening. Most of the labor unions discriminate or segregate regardless of constitutional paragraphs to the contrary. Here is the sad story in chapter and verse. Of course there are pleasant exceptions like the Longshoremen's and Building Laborers' Union where the Negro comprises a large percentage of the membership and gets a square deal. Generally, the Negro worker has to scab his way to his daily bread where unions are concerned, and yet conditions differ widely in different sections. Whereas a Negro cannot join certain unions in one town, a Negro may be an official of a local of the same union in another town. Some unions are trying hard to be fair but are finding it difficult. Negro unions is one solution and, I believe, a good one, for the principle of labor unionism is absolutely sound, and the Negro leader who discourages organization of the workers of his race is a worse enemy than Cole Blease or the insufferable Tom Heflin. Reid has reviewed the labor situation as it affects the Negro very thoroughly and writes not without a touch or two of grim humor.

It might be well to remind those who upon reading a book of this sort will rear back complacently with an "I told you so," that the American labor unions do not differ from American fraternal organizations, churches, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, the U. S. Army and Navy, which all segregate and discriminate Negroes. Hence the fact that the Negro is discriminated against in labor unions is no argument against the principles of labor organizations, no more than segregation in the so-called Christian church is an argument against going to church.

Again, there is a certain class of flannel-mouthed, hat-in-hand, boot-licking Negroes that, pointing to discrimination against Negroes in labor unions, is quick to say the Negro should forsake organized labor and flop at the feet of the captains of industry. Well, it is interesting to note that Negroes are barred as effectively by the capitalists in their so-called open shops as they are by the unions. Only one-quarter of the factories in this country are unionized and yet the Negro is barred from practically all of them or relegated to the most menial positions. If the capitalists love the Negro wage slave so much, why do they not get busy and give him a break?

Economics and Sociology

DIFFERENTIAL MORTALITY IN TENNESSEE, 1917-1928. By Eibridge Sibley. 8vo. Nashville, Tenn.: The Fisk University Press. $2.50.

A statistical study, conducted jointly by Tennessee State Department of Public Health and Fisk University, of the comparative causes of mortality among the white and negro populations for the Negro as an authentic native artist. European writers, as readers of their comments on the United States are aware, recognized the black man as an artist long before we did, and it has been the subject of recent remark by Keyserling, Jung, and Siegfried. One may hope, perhaps, that our acceptance of the Negro as an artist may do more for him than any previous humanitarian feeling. Comparatively few Americans care anything about justice, but practically all of them are enamored of financial success. The recognition of Negroes as artists has meant financial success for some few of them. So possibly a race which hitherto has been able to appeal only to a god of mercy (with poor eyesight and exceedingly hard of hearing) may now do more for itself by snuggling up a little closer to the great god Prosperity.

ARTHUR WARNER

The Negro World's Capital

Black Manhattan. By James Weldon Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

I SOMETIMES wonder how much worse the North would have treated the Negro than the South has if the North instead of the South had been left with a great population of ex-slaves after 1865. A good deal worse, I imagine. Somehow the puritan conscience would have found divine direction for humiliations and injustices a little more acute than any that have occurred in, say, the easygoing State of Mississippi.

Some support for this conjecture is to be found in Mr. Johnson's volume, which indicates that just before the Civil War the freedmen of the North were in as unhappy a plight as Negroes of the United States have ever known. New York State abolished slavery in 1827, but it did not give Negroes the same voting rights as whites until a decade after the Civil War. In the middle of the last century there was a Jim Crow rule in New York City whereby Negroes could ride only in certain street cars bearing the sign: "Colored People Allowed in This Car."

In his preface Mr. Johnson says that the book is not "in any strict sense a history." He has written primarily as a narrator, rather than as an analyst or interpreter, and his volume is largely an account of the musical, dramatic, and literary emergence of Harlem. This is an evolution with which the author has been closely connected, and naturally he has been able to enrich his narrative, which he tells spiritedly, with valuable personal recollections and memoranda. The volume is packed with information hitherto obtainable only in scattered form.

Mr. Johnson notes that although white Americans have always been interested in Negro music and folk-lore, in earlier days the Negro profited only by a quickening in the white man of a vague humanitarianism, while our present enthusiasm is

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Africander Caesar

Africa and Some World Problems, by J. C. Smuts. New York: Oxford University Press. 184 pages. $2.50.

IF ONE were to describe this volume roughly, one might say that it consists of the commentaries of Africander Caesar, with a smattering of Christianity, on his dusky *Galli* and his *provincia.* In these lectures, delivered in the course of last November, the author also discusses democracy and world-peace, assigning to Africa, however, the most elaborate treatment.

Despite the variety of subjects, one might state, paraphrasing Lacordaire, that a single intelligence provides a golden thread of unity binding together the various lectures and addresses. The author sees democracy at the crossroads, and a man of action primarily, he would like to inject efficiency into it. His observations are perhaps neither singularly profound nor particularly original, but if he has merely expressed what we subconsciously felt, he has done so better than most of us could. When he points to the essence of democracy as "its unexhausted and growing fund of good will and understanding," he reminds one of Blackstone at his best, and one feels that his analytical powers have pierced through to ultimate values.

In dealing with the League of Nations and world peace, his exposition is both clear and logical. One of the original sponsors of the League himself, the General makes an impartial evaluation of its progress and looks keenly into the future to study its prospects. Its essence to him is "the organized system of conference and discussion between the states for the promotion of understanding and the prevention of war." He would extend this system to states outside the League and he advocates carrying the Kellogg Peace Pact to its logical conclusion. The General's picturesque touches in these lectures suggest Xenophon; his restraint of diction and his historical sense remind one vaguely of Thucydides; but oftener his brevity, his sense of universals, the essential action pent up within his words, bring to mind that dryest, keenest and most inhuman of writers, Julius Caesar. Like him, he considers Africa, not the black man's, but his own *provincia.* The black men are like Caesar's Gauls. They must work with the whites for a superior white civilization. The General's African policy is coöperation between the races, with racial and even spatial segregation. Such was the Spanish colonial policy, although it never went so far. In De Victoria's lectures *"De Indis et de Jure Belli"* (an excellent edition by the Carnegie Foundation); in the monumental legislation known as the Laws of the Indies, beginning first in 1542, the General might find, contrary to his opinion, both a record of past experience in racial relations and a little more Christianity than he shows.

E. R. PINEDA.

LEADER
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

APR 29 1930

NEGROES' HISTORY IN CHICAGO DEALS WITH LABOR CONDITIONS

The history of the Negro in Chicago from 1779 to 1929 is contained in the recently published book by Frederic H. H. Robb.

Mr. Robb, who was also compiler and manager of the edition which recently appeared, spoke here recently before the Intercollegiate Forum at 378 Seventh st.

Negro labor conditions, their evils and proposed remedies, receive one of the lengthiest discussions in the book.

Accept and Starve or Organize and Fight, The Negro Woman in Industry, Last to Be Hired and First to Be Fired, and Organized Labor Among Negroes in Chicago are among the headings which deal with present economic problems.

In his article considering the 1,500,000 Negro women in industry, Frankie Adams declared

"At the present the best one can do is to outline a suggestive program which would include the following: First, that of educating the community to the point of appreciating the contribution that this 1,500,000 Negro women is making to the livelihood of the entire racial group, and second, that of educating the group which is working to appreciate the importance of its job, and by this I mean something I call 'Job Respect.'"

Local who's who, features, organizations, intercollegiate news, education and commerce articles make up the remainder of the book.

WANDERINGS IN CENTRAL AFRICA. By Dugald Campbell. Illustrated with photographs and a map. 278 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

JUNGLE PORTRAITS. By Delia J. Akeley. Illustrated with original photographs. 251 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

John Brown

John Brown: The Making of a Martyr. By Robert Penn Warren. Brewer and Warren. $5.

IF Mr. Warren thinks that his book is a credit to historical scholarship it would seem to be because he dissents from some of the principles and methods to which most American historians feel themselves bound to adhere in dealing with controverted matters. It was, no doubt, to be expected that Mr. Warren, born in Kentucky and educated in Tennessee, and too young to have known John Brown or any of Brown's associates, should have written of Brown with less sympathy than some Northern writers have shown, and had he done so he would have been wholly within his right. What he has done, on the contrary, is to produce a book which, aside from its failure to add much of importance to what was already known of Brown's career, is deeply tinged with bias and sneering hostility toward Brown and his supporters. To topple an idol from its pedestal was not enough; the idol must be hacked in pieces and the pieces trampled in the mud of innuendo and scorn.

Mr. Warren pays respectful homage to the excellencies of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's monumental biography, but one gathers that of the enemies to be routed Mr. Villard is the chief. Every student of the American slavery controversy knows that Mr. Villard, notwithstanding his sympathetic recognition of the moral and political significance of Brown's career, withholds no evidence that painstaking inquiry could discover and offers no extenuation of Brown's brutality and foolishness. Mr. Warren, on the contrary, sees in John Brown little more than a harebrained fanatic, an adventurer with eyes open for the main chance, a self-conscious poseur, a publicity seeker, a horse thief and miscellaneous plunderer, and a murderer. That the antislavery and abolition agitators could have been moved by any high moral purpose, however disastrous their resistance to government and laws might turn out to be, is something for which, apparently, he has only contempt, and his pages are studded with sneers and flings at Brown's supporters and the antislavery contingent generally. Frank Sanborn, for example, is pilloried as "an excessively earnest young man, confident of himself, and confident that he knew God's will; beyond this he possessed to a considerable degree that tight especial brand of New England romanticism which manifested itself in stealing Guinea niggers, making money, wrestling with conscience, hunting witches, building tea-clippers, talking about Transcendentalism, or being an Abolitionist." Regarding the letters that were written to secure funds for Brown's first journey to Kansas we are told that "when a letter would bring tears it would bring money. Harriet Beecher Stowe knew the trick, for her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had provided a tidy fortune." Emerson "was a man who lived in words, big words, and not in facts. . . . It is only natural that once or twice when he tried to deal with matters of fact words made him a common demagogue."

The crucial point of John Brown's career before Harper's Ferry, as far as moral quality is concerned, was the so-called

Langston Hughes To Depict Negro Life

Langston Hughes, young Negro poet, has written his first novel, a story of a Negro childhood in Kansas. It is called "Not Without Laughter," and will shortly be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

"In this book I have attempted to depict what I believe to be more or less typical small-town Negro life in any town outside of the South," Hughes declares.

"I am interested primarily in life, not local color, so I have chosen as a setting for this first novel of mine not what have become practically conventional life backgrounds for Negro tales, that is Harlem and the South, but rather what I feel is more truly American—the average, small Main Street town."

Although born in Missouri, Hughes spent most of his early childhood in a town in Kansas, so that the spirit of the book is undoubtedly autobiographical.

Edition of P. Wheatley's Poem Published by Wrights

Amsterdam News

Another edition of "The Poems of Phillis Wheatley," the first American Negro poetess, has just been published. The first was published in 1909 by Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Wright, Jr., of the Christian Recorder. The present edition is edited by their daughter, Miss Charlotte Ruth Wright, B.S., a graduate this year from the University of Pennsylvania. It has just come from the press and includes additional poems not in the first edition, a bibliography and notes with an introduction giving a review of the life and works of Phillis Wheatley.

One of the first copies was received by the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Grimke of Washington, who sent the following comment: "The new edition of 'The Poems of Phillis Wheatley' has been received. It is gotten up in a very attractive form. **The binding is beautiful and the** type and paper are good. The additional poems, the bibliography, the notes, and especially the fine introduction greatly enhance the value of this edition."

The book is printed by the A. M. E. Book Concern, Philadelphia, and published by "The Wrights," 925 North Forty-eighth street, Philadelphia.

Pottawatomie massacre. Mr. Villard accepts the "positive witness" of two of Brown's company, Henry Thompson and Salmon Brown, as well as of Brown himself, that Brown killed no one with his own hand, although it was "definitely established that Brown was, if not a principal in the crime, an accessory and an instigator." Mr. Warren thinks that it is "safer" to accept other testimony that "Brown began the bloody business by shooting old Doyle" than it is to take the testimony of Brown or Salmon. He is not impressed by Mr. Villard's conclusion that the motives behind the Pottawatomie affair were "wholly unselfish" and that Brown's aims "were none other than the freeing of a race"; the conclusion does not fit with Mr. Warren's judgment of Brown as a murderer or his caustic account of Brown's business record of "embezzlement, fraud, speculation, and self-righteousness." Nor can he agree with Mr. Villard's view of the Harper's Ferry attack as (to quote Mr. Warren) "only a badly planned and badly executed 'raid,'" with the projected Provisional Government back of it as "a harmless debating society." Mr. Warren has a right to his opinion if he has carefully and impartially studied the evidence at these various points, but the contrast between the scholarly temper of Mr. Villard's biography, sympathetic though his book is, and the patent iconoclasm of Mr. Warren is too sharp to permit us to put the two writers in the same class.

Mr. Warren's book will doubtless be acclaimed by those who insist that sentiment and moral conviction have as little place in history as John J. Ingalls once declared the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule had in practical politics. Here or there some unreconstructed Southerner, ignorant of what has been written hitherto, may rejoice that the horrid truth about John Brown has at last been told. There is weighty authority for maintaining, however, that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and the heart of John Brown and his antislavery supporters is a subject about which Mr. Warren's prejudices hardly entitle him to speak.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Poems of Phillis Wheatley

ANOTHER edition of "The Poems of Phillis Wheatley," the first American Negro poetess, has just been published. The first was published in 1909 by Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Wright, Jr., of the Christian Recorder. The present edition is edited by their daughter, Miss Charlotte Ruth Wright, B.S., a graduate this year from the University of Pennsylvania. It has just come from the press, and includes additional poems not in the first edition, a bibliography and notes, with an introduction, giving a review of the life and works of Phillis Wheatley. The book is being heartily received. One of the first copies was received by the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Grimke, of Washington, D. C., who sent the following comment: "The new edition of 'The Poems of Phillis Wheatley' has been received. It is gotten up in a very attractive form. The binding is beautiful, and the type and paper are good. The additional poems, the bibliography, the notes, and especially the fine introduction greatly enhance the value of this edition."

Editor Robert S. Abbott, of the Chicago Defender, writes: "My sincerest thanks for 'The Poems of Phillis Wheatley.' I have been trying to get hold of these poems for a number of years, and I appreciate your thoughtfulness in getting them out."

The book is printed by the African Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, Philadelphia, and published by "The Wrights," 925 North 48th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Wright's son, R. R. Wright, III, a high-school senior, is business manager. The Wrights intend to keep alive the poems of this great Negro woman who is so dear to the race.

"The Poems of Phillis Wheatley" edited by Charlotte Ruth Wright, B.S., a graduate this year from the University of Pennsylvania, has just come from the press. The new edition includes additional poems not in the first edition, a bibliography and notes with an introduction giving a review of the life and works of Phillis Wheatley. The book is being heartily received. One of the first copies was received by the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Grimke of Washington, D. C., who sent the following comment: "The new edition of 'The Poems of Phillis Wheatley' has been received. It is gotten up in a very attractive form. The binding is beautiful, and the type and paper are good. The additional poems, the bibliography, the notes, and especially the fine introduction greatly enhance the value of this edition." The book is printed by the A. M. E. Book Concern, Philadelphia, and published by the Wrights, 925 N. 48th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK REVIEWS

By C. LESLIE FRAZIER

TALKS ON COMMUNITY LIFE

George W. Blount, extension worker for the Cheyney Training School for Teachers, of which Dr. Leslie Pinckney Hill is principal, has just published, through Horace F. Temple, Inc., of West Chester, Pa., a book, "Talks on Community Life". The book, says Mr. Blount, "is the result of my years of educational and community work and practical business and newspaper experiences." Several chapters from the book have appeared in the Philadelphia daily papers and in the Southern Workman. Mr. Blount is well known in educational circles. He was educated at Hampton Institute. Testimonals on the value of the work is printed in the volume from more than a score of college presidents and other educational administrators.

Paul Robeson Viewed by His Wife

PAUL ROBESON, NEGRO. By Eslanda Goode Robeson, illustrated, 178 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers, $2.50.

PAUL ROBESON'S triumph on the English stage as Othello makes this biography of him by his wife an extremely timely one. Robeson, as she himself believes, was undoubtedly born under a lucky star. Disappointments and disillusion he probably has had in his life, but his triumphs overshadow these by far. He was a brilliant student at high school, a Phi Betta Kappa as well as a "four-letter" man in sports at Rutgers University; he made a name for himself as an actor in two of Eugene O'Neill's plays; he took critics and audience by storm as a singer of Negro spirituals. Robeson is still under 35 and the future probably will see him adding to the laurels he has already gathered.

This book is compelling by its simplicity and naïveté. Mrs. Robeson is frankly enamored of her husband and proud of his achievement as an artist and a Negro. She sees his faults as an individual, as a husband, as a father, and speaks with most disarming truth about them, but she speaks with the affection of a mother for a spoiled but brilliant child. Not that she believes that Paul Robeson has been spoiled by his successes; over and over again she repeats how kind and unaffected and charming he is, but at the same time she wishes he were less lazy, less procrastinating, more devoted to the business of fatherhood. She scolds him fondly in the pages of the book as doubtless she does in the privacy of her home. Her technique in these passages is almost childlike; she dramatizes herself as "Essie" and him as "Paul" and repeats conversations between them in a manner that brings a smile to the reader. At first glance one is tempted to belittle her work because of this unique naïveté, but after one puts the book aside, one remembers the character she has drawn through very virtue of this quality.

Mrs. Robeson, it is obvious, is no mental lightweight. She has a chapter on Harlem and the Negro which is penetrating and thought-provoking. As far as this reviewer is concerned it is the best thing in the book. One wishes there were more of it; it gives frankly and interestingly the psychology of the Negro in his relationship to white people and the expressions of escape which his race consciousness gives him. That the cultured Negro is happier in Europe than in America she makes clear; at the same time she points out, America is home to him, and a nostalgia for familiar scenes makes his return emotionally imperative.

In the light of literature this book will not cast lengthy shadows but as a homely picture of a colorful individual it has much to recommend it.

ROSE C. FELD.

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Book of Negro Songs.

We have just had the pleasure of examining a volume of negro songs, entitled "The Negro Sings a New Heaven," published at Chapel Hill, N. C., by The University of North Carolina Press.

This unusual collection of songs with melodies by Miss Mary Allen Grissom, will be of unusual interest to the music lovers of Kentucky as Miss Grissom was born and reared in Adair county and for several years was a teacher in the Louisville Conservatory of music

In the "foreword" Miss Grissom has the following to say: "These songs constitute a part of collections of original melodies whose value lies in their presentation and preservation exactly as they are found and sung. Thus collected and preserved they provide portraiture of the negro folks song and background and remain a treasure source for future harmonization if that should be desired. The chief value therefore, lies in their simplicity and realism, recording a true emancipation of spirit from child-like irresponsibility to a growing consciousness of citizenship thus contributing another chapter to the complete record of southern negro folk songs Most of the songs included in this volume have been taken directly from the negroes in their present day worship and have been selected from those sung in the neighborhood of Louisville, Kentucky, and certain rural sections in Adair county."

Miss Grissom is to be congratulated on this work of art.

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A Duskymerican Kidder

NOW I AM CIVILIZED. By Eugene Henry Huffman. Wetzel Publishing Company, Los Angeles. $2.00.

SOMETIMES we are so self-righteous in our opinion of the other fellow that we forget he may have his own opinion about us, an opinion which, if we knew it, would jar the self-complacency out of us. This is almost always true when white people are dealing with Negroes. Do you remember that case in Minnesota? A Negro fleeced a bank out of several thousand dollars because the officials were off their guard; they admitted afterward that they hadn't checked him up because it never occurred to them that a Negro could have that much sense.

You have often seen a white speaker beaming at a colored audience as he told them to be good little boys, and realized what a deflation his vanity would suffer if he could read their minds. Once a white singer undertook to illustrate the glory of grand opera to an assemblage of Negroes. He went away happy, he thought that his vocality and erudition had overwhelmed them. And so it had, but not in the way he thought. Their applause had meant, as they said afterward: "Let's give the poor devil a break, might as well send him away feeling good."

Many a missionary, unfolding the splendors of Christianity to a savage tribe, has concluded, from the dreamy expression on their faces, that he was converting them, when they were really wondering how long it would take to cook him. The Chinese have nothing on the Negro when it comes to hiding their thoughts from whites. The Chinese hide them by silence; the Negro buries them in a wave of volubility; he can talk all day and tell you nothing.

The Negro is a great kidder of white people. Did you ever hear of the Negro butler who told his successive employers that they reminded him of King Edward of England? They tipped him handsomely, and all went well till he went to work for a German family. Then his ignorance of international affairs cost him his job.

"Now I Am Civilized" is a book written to kid the white people, or, rather, to show how a Negro servant kidded them. The hero's American name is John Johnnie Johnson; his real name, kept alive through generations of slavery, is Ras-Taferi Hounin-Kounin, which sounds as if he himself had been kidded. He is innocent of education; but he is bright enough to pick up a picturesque vocabulary from the white people he works for as a cook. He captures sonorous words but misses their connections, and his innocent blunders send people into hysterics of laughter. He calls himself a Duskymerican.

He starts out as a little boy in Alabama, where he is being reared by his aunt. They live next door to a family of trashy whites, the kind who are always seeking an excuse for a lynching. The pigs belonging to the two families visit each other and fraternize. The white woman shoots one of the colored family's pigs, and when the boy remonstrates she affects hysterics, screaming at the top of her voice. The Ku Klux Klan mobilizes and goes after the boy to lynch him for "attacking" a white woman. He gets away, and, after much running and dodging, returns to his home, the last place where the mob will look for him.

His aunt then tells him a fantastic version of the history of slavery and explains the way she brought him up, to be a man and not a slave. He leaves home and gets a job at cooking in New Orleans. A keen observer, he resolves to watch his employers and become civilized, like them. He has no independent idea of civilization; to him it merely consists of whatever his employers do. He goes to California, where he learns all he can about getting civilized. Feeling that California has no more to teach him, he sets out for New York. He is persuaded to have his hair straightened; he feels as if his brains are being cooked. The most amusing part of this book is the description of that dance in Chicago. He finds that dancing is too hot an exercise for straightened hair, "because the gentlemen's hair began to show their ancestry and it was just too bad." Soon the hair-dressing melted and ran down their necks and cheeks.

He comes to New York, and finds that to be admitted to society he must belong to a "sorority," the requirement for admission being a college degree. He is told that this is easy to get if he can play football or run fast. He decides, however, to go to Paris and study at the Sorbonne. But Paris is not so good to him; he cannot make money there. He goes to London, and at a fair he makes a hit with the Prince of Wales by cooking chitterlings. Society follows the Prince, and soon Ras-Taferi has more money than he can count.

He returns to America and buys a great estate on Long Island, next to that of Mrs. Lasca Sartoris of "Nigger Heaven" fame. He has a tearing affair with this lady, who falls madly in love with him. All the while he is "two-timing" her by carrying on with her beautiful friend, Dolly Dimples. He becomes engaged to Dolly. Lasca goes wild, crawling on her knees to beg him for just one more embrace. But he marries Dolly, fully expecting his marriage to end in the alimony courts.

At last he is what he calls civilized—he has plenty of money and a near-white wife. His little dark sweetheart has committed suicide on his account; but that doesn't worry him, it is a part of the process of getting civilized.

The book, like its hero, is too trivial for one to have much of an opinion about it, one way or the other. It has about as much relation to real life as the story of Aladdin and his lamp, and its ending is about as sensible as Boob McNutt. Sometimes it is entertaining, as when Ras-Taferi gives his definition of fashion, or style: "It is an apology for anything, a word invented to keep people from laughing themselves to death." In many places it looks as if the man who wrote the book for Ras-Taferi has left out a good deal of the hero and put too much of himself in. The publisher calls the book "a brilliant satire on the white man's civilization"; but it reads more like a satire on the gullibility of the publisher.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Storm Over Africa

Caliban in Africa: An Impression of Color Madness, by Leonard Barnes. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 220 pages. $2.

New Republic

THE "Caliban" of this moving, and in some ways terrifying, book is the soul of the "Africaner," by which the author means the white South African who has allowed his whole outlook upon life to be warped by the color problem. Africanerism, so conceived, is a spiritual disease the earliest seeds of which, historically speaking, can be traced to the traditional attitude of the Dutch settlers toward the native races. However, as Mr. Barnes rightly emphasizes, the British settlers, forgetting their own more liberal tradition, have been only too willing to allow themselves to be infected. It was a Dutch South African who said: "The dominant thing is not justice but preservation of white civilization. If we want to hold our own, we must exterminate the natives." It was a British South African, and an ex-minister of the Crown to boot, who said: "The white man is determined to do all he can to remain and, what is more, to rule. No ethical considerations, such as the rights of man, will be allowed to stand in the way."

12-24-30

The book, then, is the ruthless diagnosis of a mind "too unhappy to be kind"; too sick, in fact, not only for justice but even for intelligent self-interest. A higher civilization in contact with a lower best preserves itself by communicating itself in the most generous and thorough fashion, especially when the people of lower civilization are at once anxious to acquire the higher civilization and show no inherent incapacity for doing so. But the tragedy of the Africaner is that, for him, the preservation of white civilization means the preservation of his own supremacy—social, economic, political; and that he sees no other means of saving the latter except repressive legislation, backed in the last resort by machine guns, airplanes and poison gas.

Vol. LXV. no. 838

He owns 87 percent of the land and, though the natives have confessedly not enough land for their needs, Africaner sentiment has blocked every attempt at a juster distribution. Unskilled whites are saved from becoming "poor whites" by being employed on the state railways and other public works at an uneconomic "civilized labor" wage which is about four times the wage rate of the natives they have displaced, though their efficiency is only about 15 percent above that of the natives. Skilled whites with a minimum wage rate of about eight times that of the natives, are entrenched behind "color bar" legislation which authorizes the government to close by proclamation any trade to natives and reserve it exclusively for whites. As a result, the natives who constitute the bulk of South Africa's population are, in the mass, so underpaid and so desperately poor that industrial development languishes for lack of an effective home market, and that for all its gold and diamond mines South Africa has one of the lowest national incomes per head of population. Add that only about 25 percent of all native children get any education at all, and that for the past three years the country has been debating ways and means of abolishing the old Cape

native franchise, lest at some future date the white minority be outvoted by the black majority, and it is easy to understand that ever since the formation of the Union twenty-one years ago, native distrust, discontent, fear and disaffection have been steadily growing.

And so the Africaner is caught in a vicious circle from which he knows no escape. Every advance in civilization which the natives achieve makes them more formidable competitors and sows a fresh fear in the Africaner's mind. To protect himself, he builds new and higher barriers. But every barrier adds to the discontent of the natives, who see, one after the other, every avenue closed to their aspiration, and opportunities of earning wages on which they have come to rely, blocked. For it does not occur to the Africaner that when some thousands of natives have been discharged to make room for whites, the ejected can only swell the ranks of native unemployed. The policy is to save poor whites at the expense of poorer natives—and the devil take the hindmost. Thus, with growing native discontent grows once more Africaner fear, and with fresh fear are born fresh repressive measures.

Writing as a South African who has striven to work for better racial relations and the creation of an atmosphere less charged with panic and latent warfare, I wish I could confidently assert that Mr. Barnes is wrong when he declares that it is probably too late to save the Africaner from the whirlwind of violent native strife which he has sown and of which the harvest, according to Mr. Barnes, will ripen in two decades at most. I would add what he has not pointed out: that the natives' sense of racial solidarity against the whites is steadily growing, and that with each year the evidences multiply of the development of an aggressive racial consciousness among them. In the past, this development has been slow, not only because native grievances were not so acute and native hope and trust in the white man's good will still strong, but also because of surviving intertribal feuds, and above all because of the lack of a single medium of communication. But, just as Indian Nationalism has been enabled to spread as the English language became a *lingua franca* among the many-tongued peoples of India, so we must reckon with a similarly accelerated nationalism among the natives of South Africa.

On the problem of maintaining the Cape native franchise, and trying to extend it to the three northern provinces of the Union which are fiercely opposed to it, Mr. Barnes holds extremely interesting views. He thinks, probably rightly, that white sentiment will continue to harden against the admission of natives to the franchise on any terms which would bring the domination of a white minority by a black majority within the bounds of practical realization. Hence, to press such proposals, even on the highest ground of principle, seems to him the surest way to exacerbate race feeling and hasten the day of violent conflict. He suggests that parliamentary institutions cannot successfully be divorced from their European context, and that they are ill adapted to the settlement of questions so heavily charged with dangerous feelings as those of race. Instead of native representation in Parliament on the same terms as white representation, he proposes that all interracial questions be handed over to a "Court of Interracial Justice," composed of experts whose impartiality and high qualifications would enable their decisions "by the sheer logic of their fitness to the facts to quench factious opposition into tacit acquiescence." Mr. Barnes does not think that the suggestion will ever be accepted in South Africa. But he appears to hope that its adoption may save Kenya and other northern colonies from repeating the same tragic mistakes.

As for South Africa itself, he not only gives up hope of a sane and wise solution, but makes the bold proposal that, inasmuch as the whole drift of present-day native policy in that country is subversive of all the principles and ideals to which the British Crown had pledged itself during the nineteenth century, and for the uphoiding of which the natives look to the Crown, the British Commonwealth of Nations should, after trying a concerted and probably unavailing protest, expel the Union from membership.

With the substance of Mr. Barnes's analysis it is hard to disagree, though his statement of his views is at times overcolored. The situation is certainly extremely grave in its possibilities of future disaster. My own hope is that Mr. Barnes has despaired too soon of the Africaner. At any rate, he hardly gives due weight to the evidences of a counter-current in public opinion which may yet save South Africa from the worst. There is notably the rapid spread in the last two or three years of the movement for the formation of joint councils of Europeans and natives, on the model of the Interracial Committees of the South. Indeed, constant discussion of the native problem has set many people to thinking about their inherited beliefs. Perhaps it is not yet too late for a change of heart.

R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ.

AFRICAN FOLK TALES.—BOOKS I & II,

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S.
BOOKSHOP, LAGOS NIGERIA

11-29-30

BY LONGMANS GREEN AND CO LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO.

Many a parent reflecting, would recall sweet memories of their days of childhood, when at dusk or eveningtide their aged ones would narrate to them tales of Bra Rabbit, Spider and Tortoise. These folklores or Nancy stories as they are locally termed, were listened to with much delight, and many were the morals taught from which lessons of kindness, bravery etc, were drawn.

We doubt not and believe that in many homes English fairy tales and Arabian nights stories are far superseding the legends of our homeland; the children know and talk more of Cinderella and Snow white, than the broken wooden bowl or the Cunning Rabbit and Bra Spider. As not all parents have the time or the opportunity to amuse their children with fables, books written in simple childlike language with corresponding illustrations have supplied the little intellectual minds in as good a manner as if they heard them direct from father or mother; and thus a love for reading at this initial stage is being cultivated. It does give pleasure to all parents to behold their little ones of six to eight years reading for themselves tales of Puss in Boots and Jack the Giant Killer; but when we turn to African lores our young ones could only hear them from us but not read for themselves; this now is to be a thing of the past: for excluding the Yoruba legends published last year by the Sheldon Press, the publishers above, have this year come out with something similar and more adapted for infants, of which the first two books are to hand.

A brief scanning of two booklets gives no bad impression that the author has made some effort in the collection of the facts on which the stories are written. The first book will suit the class preceeding the first standard and consequently any child of or seven years. The tale of the boy and the monkey, would teach the moral of doing to others as you would that they should do unto you; while the story of the kind turtle illustrates, one good turn deserves another. We would compare book two to any first standard; here we find more interesting and amusing stories; the tale of the Antelope and the Spider, well answers for the story of the Lion and the mouse in Aesop's fables: while that of the lame and the blind man proves the maxim that, all things work together for good; when we read the tale of, a cock and his master, we are led to doubt the authenticity of the facts on which the story is based being African, as the materials of a similar story can be found in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

The illustrations depicting Africans and African life have not excaped our attention; and we regret that those of Mr. F. Bullows in book one falls far short below our estimation: they represent the type of pictures which will either misrepresent or always show the worst side of everything Africa and the African; those in book two by Mr. K. C. Murray are more in place and show a better taste; we would not dilate much on this side of the work, and can recommend these books more for the reading matter, which we believe would well serve the purpose for which they were written.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"ROMAN HOLIDAY." *Upton Sinclair. (Farrar & Rinehart.)*

"ACCORDING TO THOMAS." *Ivan Nazhivin. (Harper & Brothers.)*

"TO THE VICTOR." *Henry Von Rhau. (Longmans, Green & Co.)*

"THREE STEEPLES." *LeRoy MacLeod. (Covici, Friede.)*

"MULATTO JOHNNY." *Alin Laubreaux. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)*

"THE IRON WIDOW." *Harry Hervey. (Horace Liveright.)*

NON-FICTION.

"I REMEMBER." *Opie Read. (Richard R. Smith.)*

"ROUSSEAU, THE CHILD OF NATURE." *John Charpentier. (Dial Press.)*

"THE PINKERTONS: A DETECTIVE DYNASTY." *Richard Wilmer Rowan. (Little, Brown & Co.)*

"FOUR CENTS AN ACRE." *Georges Oudard. (Brewer & Warren.)*

"DAWN IN INDIA: BRITISH PURPOSE AND INDIAN ASPIRATION." *Sir Francis Younghusband. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)*

"THE MEANING OF THE GLORIOUS KORAN: AN EXPLANATORY TRANSLATION." *Marmaduke Pickthall. (Alfred A. Knopf.)*

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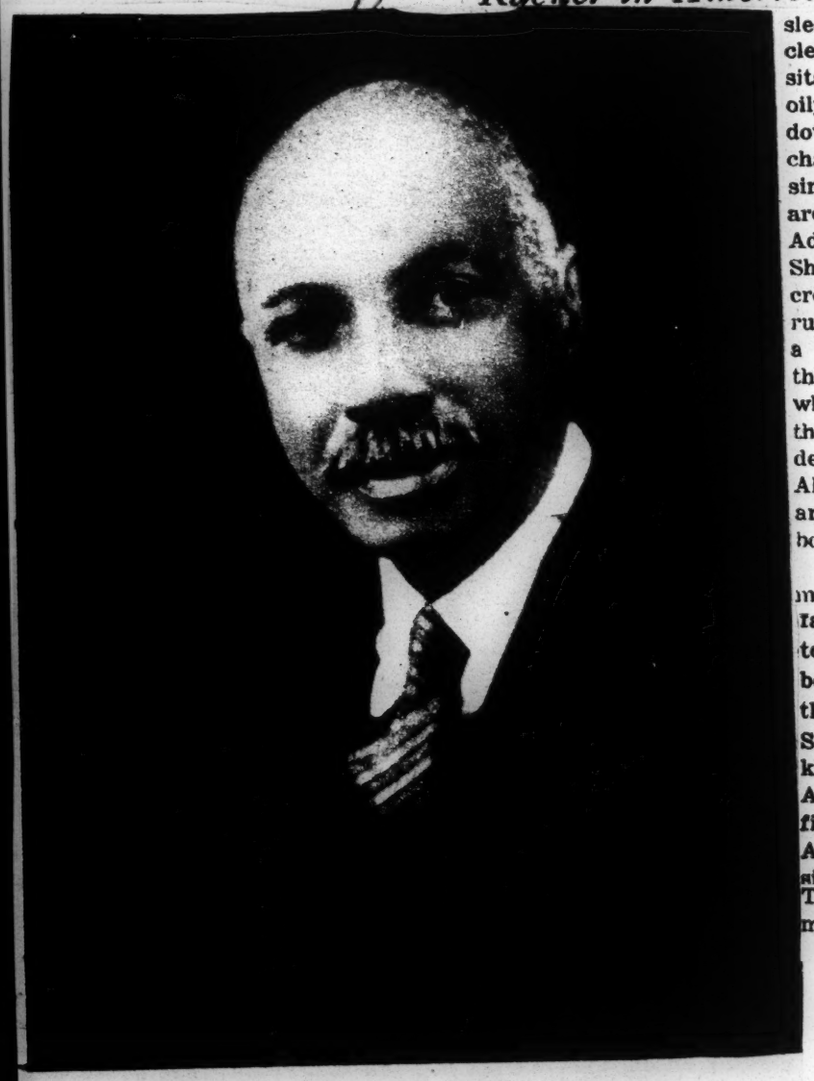
Tin Pan Alley, Past and Present

James Book Review 12-14-30

Mr. Goldberg Tells the Story of the Development of the Popular Music Racket in America



William Christopher Handy, "Father of the Blues."

TIN PAN ALLEY. A Chronicle of the American Popular Music Racket. By Isaac Goldberg. With an introduction by George Gershwin. 341 pp. New York: The John Day Company. $3.50.

By HOLLISTER NOBLE

IS there music in Tin Pan Alley? Dr. Goldberg, in an excellent chronicle of one of our liveliest arts, believes there is, but he doesn't attempt too profound a reply. He notes a people's pulse beating to fox-trot rhythm, feet tapping the floor, eyes shining, heads nodding, hips swaying—for these are the feverish symptoms of Tin Pan Alley—and he records the events leading up to the comedy.

Most of us are inclined to regard Tin Pan Alley as an exclusive offspring of our twentieth century gods. In its tinseled texture, its machine methods, its racketeering, and its identity with America's Bigger Businesses, it is just that. But an outstanding achievement in this really important book is the sense of steady, driving continuity (adhered to by the author) in the conception, the embryonic development and the momentous birth of Tin Pan Alley. Over the colorful course of two centuries Dr. Goldberg traces the threads of America's popular music, weaving them into a historic tapestry of America's indigenous tonal art, an art which is a dramatic phenomenon without parallel in the brief history of music.

Music? Dr. Goldberg isn't sure. He notes a sweaty man in shirt sleeves with a raveled cigar clenched between grim lips, who sits at a battered piano and flings oily chords from a Broadway window. Six months later couples chant its melody in Cathay, lovers sing it down in Rio. It weaves around the world—through Berlin's Adlon Bar, London's Savoy, or the Shanghai Club. A phonograph croons it to the Congo. Radio rushes it to the Arctic wastes from a stuffy Chicago night club. And the sweaty man in shirt sleeves who flung a few bars of melody at the sky, bows his grateful head under a golden stream of Tin Pan Alley's star dust. In brief, ladies and gentleman, a song hit has been born.

"Tin Pan Alley" is an almost monumental work, flashing with facts, filled with comment and history; reverberating with the dull boom of Goldbergian humors and the sharper salvos of genuine wit. Surely the stylistic shade of Huneker prances through these pages. As for the three-cornered street fight between the classics, jazz and American music the author very simply disposes of this affair of Tweedledum and Tweedledee by remarking:

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> The influence of the Negro upon the psychology of the American has been tremendous and often the most potent where it is most vehemently denied. * * * We taught him things; he taught us feelings. The Negro, at almost every step, has participated in the making of our popular songs.

It is a singularly rich and passionate fervor he has flung into the throbbing rhythms of jazz. Torn from the heart of African darkness, sold as a slave upon strange shores, warmed by the glow of Christianity shed upon a humbled people, saddened by the soft language of the South, and suddenly tossed into the unprecedented complexities of an industrial century—the Negro has never been a song. From levee, chain gang, church pew and mountain cabin to the garish footlights of a colored revue or the brash glitter of Harlem cabarets, through three centuries of drama and drudgery, the Negro has persistently flavored the choicest products of our popular music.

Can it be only a coincidence [asks the author] that the three races who have contributed most to our popular song—the Negro, the Irish and the Jew—should be the familiar examples of oppressed nationalities, credited with a fine intensity of inner life and with passions less bridled than those of the more conventional—not necessarily the more frigid—American Anglo-Saxon? * * * As for the Anglo-Saxon, he has let *accepted* jazz; he has not spoken to him and for him. it speak to him and for him.

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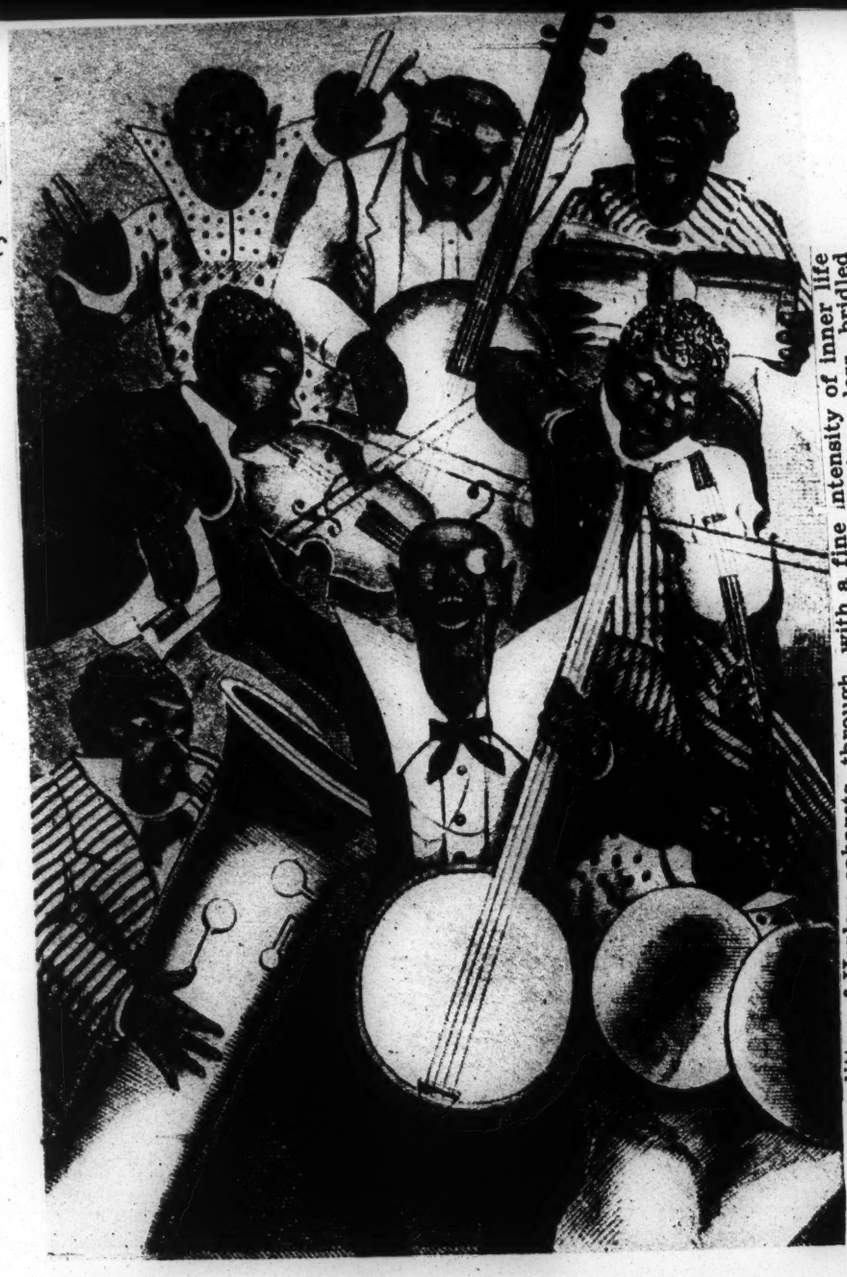

A Minstrel Poster of 1867.

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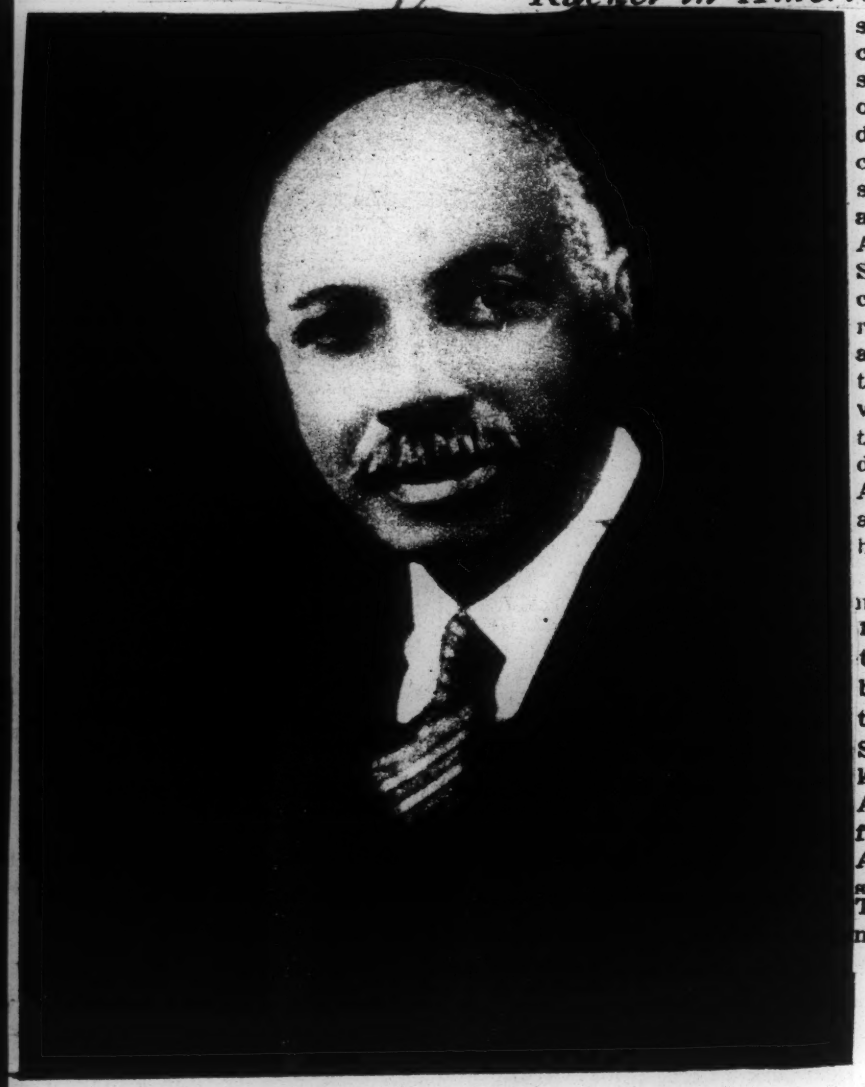

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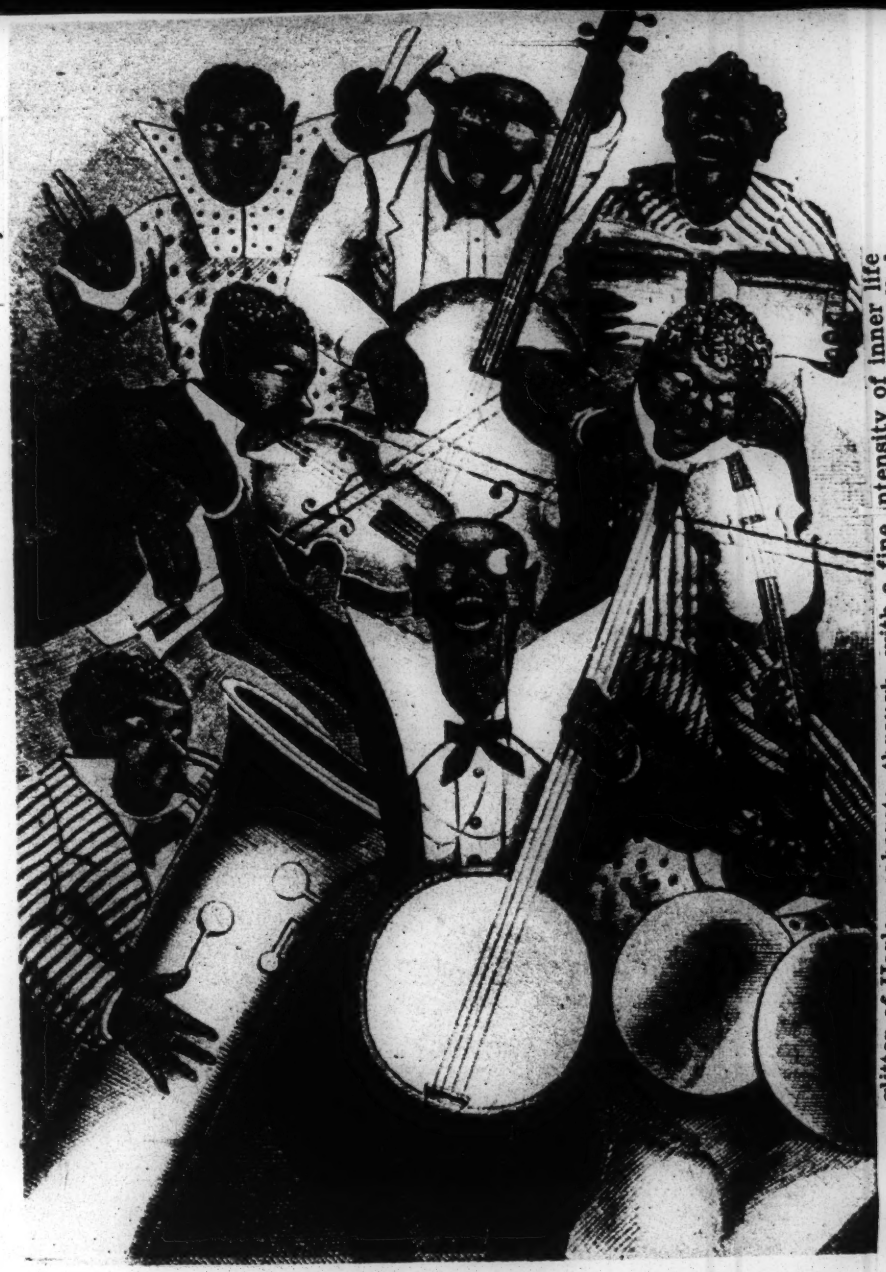

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morality as inflated as her bustles and mutton-chop sleeves, emerged from her provincial kitchen and entered the world's drawing room (only to trip over the carpet, perhaps).

The popular songs of the Charles K. Harris-ian age, comments the Doctor, were "condensed melodramas, tight stuffed with villainies, with women wronged, with children abandoned, with lovers severed, reunited, with Vice reproved and conquered, with Virtue at last restored to her glittering throne." In this period, too, one notes the romantic rise of the house of Witmark on the hymeneal wings of "Grover Cleveland's Wedding March."

There is more than one tribute in this book to the subtle beauties of the waltz. One wishes that something akin to Gershwin's colorful spirit with its modern intricacies might unite with the masterly technic of a Ravel and produce another waltz king—a Tin Pan Alley Strauss.

Occasionally a celebrity from another world pops into these pages. Theodore Dreiser, in the November, 1898 issue of the Metropolitan Magazine, wrote a naïve account of how a popular song is written (he, himself, of course, wrote the chorus to "On the Banks of the Wabash" to music by his brother Paul Dresser). —Just a year later "Sister Carrie" appeared. In 1899 one notes that "J. J. Walker" received $10,000 in royalties for his courage in approaching that great hit-and-run song writer, Ernest R. Ball, with the lyrics of "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" Thirty years later, in 1929, Mayor Walker received $30 as his share of the royalties on this ancient masterpiece.

The turn of the century arrived—1900—and like thunder 'cross the bay rose the throbbing, insistent undercurrent of a new rhythm to blend with the muted saxophone blasts of a new age bursting for expression. Tin Pan Alley was born. The avalanche of popular music accelerated its rush and intensified its spirit.

The pace of Dr. Goldberg's book, too, becomes intensified. Ballads, rags, blues, State songs, smile songs, topical songs (ranging from the blowing up of the Maine to the birth of Baby Lindy), "torch" songs (fanning the flames of unrequited love), geographical songs and sad songs—the indefatigable author records them all. The birth of the blues is heralded by W. C. Handy, "the Moses not the Jehovah of the blues"; the first jazz band, trained by Will Marion Cook, and named the Memphis Students—"a very good name, overlooking the fact that the performers were not students and were not from Memphis"—played at Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theatre in 1905 and "panicked" the audience. Irving Berlin marked a new epoch; George Cohan created and closed an old one; the late Brander Matthews sent his class to hear Weber and Fields; Professor Daniel Gregory Mason, for the classicists, continues to be a lugubrious headshaker over the fair form of good music struck down by the darts of jazz. In 1919 George Gershwin, the genius of the post-war renaissance in jazz, arrived in a burst of glory and on Lincoln's Birthday, 1924, Paul Whiteman gave his historic jazz concert in Aeolian Hall. Jazz sat firmly upon her golden throne.

Dr. Goldberg's sentences drip with data and creak under the stress of names and more names. Sousa, De-Koven, Jerome Kern, Zez Confrey—they are all here. There is an excellent chapter on Victor Herbert and intimate glimpses of all the Prime Ministers of jazz. There is a closing chapter devoted to a singularly liberal and penetrating discussion of jazz from a great variety of modern angles. Moreover the author has created in this book the very spirit of Tin Pan Alley, its vocal and instrumental din, the moan of the blues, the roar of the song plugger, the clink of gold, rhythm, money, madness and here and there a melody that sings to a gold-plated moon under a tin sky studded with light bulbs.

In spite of minor blemishes inevitable in a pioneer work of this type, Dr. Goldberg has placed against this tinseled background a magnificent parade of gay ghosts who bring to his pages the songs and savors of two centuries of America's popular music. "Tin Pan Alley," in short, is a voluminous newsreel, a Floyd Gibbons broadcast, a bulging "Who's Who" in jazzland, a penetrating essay, a treatise, a history, and withal a crackling, entertaining chronicle of a fascinating racket.

MIXED BLOOD

PO' BUCKRA. By Gertrude Mathew Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney. 426 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS novel has so much of the raw material of art to recommend it that it is rather a shame that it breaks down at its pivotal point. The authors, who have shown their familiarity with the Carolina Low Country in "Black Genesis," set themselves a tremendous task when they projected "Po' Buckra." All sorts of strains conflict in it; the Huguenot landowner, obsessed by tradition, comes into conflict with changing economic conditions that render the tradition helpless; the "brass-ankle," product of three racial mixtures—Indian, English and Negro—attempts to pass for white, only to be trapped by circumstance after marriage with a Huguenot Beaufain; the Eighteenth Amendment introduces complications, and the World War causes Southerners who have been spiritually orientated toward the days of secession to listen respectfully to the claims and ideals of democracy. Miss Shelby and Mr. Stoney manage to create out of all this confusion a logical story once their key relationship is taken for granted. The characterization in the case of Barty Grunson, the "brass-ankle" who tries to outfoot his mixed-breed heritage, is good; the feel of swamps and woodland of the Low Country is in the prose; but the Huguenot Beaufains, at the opening of the book, are stereotypes of the most maddening sort. One of them, Judith, co-inheritor of the barony with her brother, Réné, seemingly denies much in her character when she contracts a sudden marriage with Barty Grunson. The marriage was justified by circumstances, since Réné had left the barony to seek his fortune elsewhere, but it involves a too sudden smashing of the stereotype which the authors have made out of Judith. To put it briefly, the reader is not prepared for the drama of it; the authors have not laid the trains of motivation with sufficient care. The rest of the book suffers because of its uncertain cornerstone.

Perhaps the fault lies in tradition. Southerners who love their homeland must all be painted in terms of ancestral clichés; anything good in them must be explained in terms of one proud ancestor, whereas in reality the course of two centuries and more must seem to mingle bloods willy-nilly to a prodigious extent when we remember that strains are doubled every generation—a fact that most writers who are forefather-ridden forget. But all this doesn't really matter, since characters who express themselves in terms that are biologically false may be allowed their own attitudes. What does matter is that Judith, in marrying with uncommon impulsiveness a product of palpable low stock, is wrenched out of her living context. We have no doubt that she could have been so wrenched, but the authors of "Po' Buckra" have not offered esthetic proof of it.

Yet the novel is worth the reading for the portrait of Barty. This end-result of a fearful agglomeration of stocks is not the traditional half-caste poor material, hopeless because of some fundamental incompatibility of the bloods which see the within him. In different circumstances he might have been a very likable person, and a useful person to the rest of the world. It is not so much his weakness that leads to his downfall as it is a series of unlucky encounters with a man who knows too much about his past. But his character is, nevertheless, his fate for he cannot cope with his bad luck. His childhood heritage has endowed him with a quality of latent hate for the world, and this smolders always, ready to leap out into flame and undo him when he is crossed by misfortune. In dramatizing Barty the authors have done a good job. And in the casting of the modern Low Country into the crucible of change they have managed to paint a picture of a situation that seems, to an outsider, to have the marks of truth.